



## FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,  
And from my native shore ;  
The cruel fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar :  
But boundless oceans roaring wide,  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewel, farewel, ELIZA dear !  
The maid that I adore !  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more !  
But the last throb that heaves my heart,  
While death stands victor by,  
That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh.

*From thee Eliza, I must go.* 45

Air Donald.

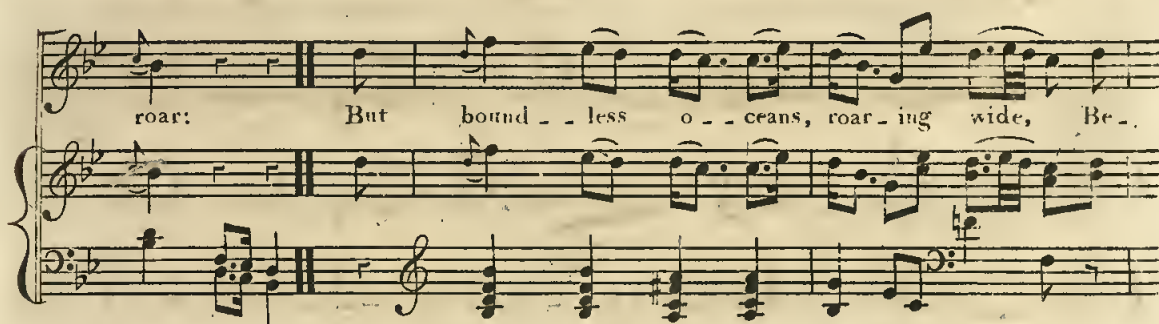
Larghetto



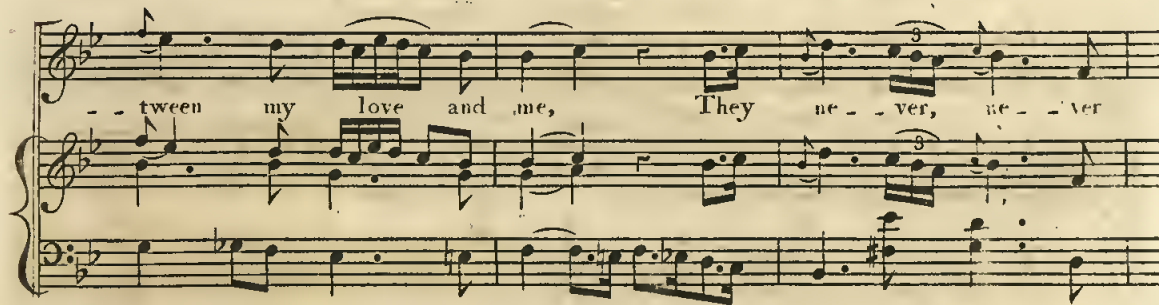
From thee E - li - za, I must go, And from my na - tive



shore; The cru - el fates be - tween us throw A boundless o - cean's



roar: But bound - less o - ceans, roar - ing wide, Be -



- - tween my love and me, They ne - ver, ne - ver



can di - vide My heart and soul from thee.